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## THE LOOSING OF LILITH.

A LEGEND OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Lilith was Adam's first wife.—*Legends of the Talmud.*  
She was tired of strangling the hearts of boys  
With the strands of her gold-red hair;  
She was tired of blighting the innocent brows  
Of babies lusty and fair;  
So she said unto God: "I pray Thee, Lord,  
Let me wander upon the earth,  
To teach new ways to the women there  
Who are weary of home and hearth."

But the wonderful Mother of Christ, who sat  
On the topmost step of the throne,  
She looked up to God the Father and said:  
When the words of Lilith were done;  
"Now for the sake of the Son I bore,  
Let Thy least handmaiden speak;"  
And she bowed her before the Father of God  
In reverence sweet and meek.

Then a great new light went flashing out  
Through the mansions many and fair:  
And the seraphim glanced up Godward then,  
Of His sudden smiling aware:  
And dear Christ said to His Mother mild,  
"Beloved, the Father hears!"  
And Lilith, she stretched her lithe white neck,  
And put the hair from her ears;

For the voice of Mary was sweet and low,  
Like the wind by the river of God,  
And she said: "My Father, I pray Thee now  
Loose not this creature abroad.  
She hath troubled the sons of Adam sore,  
But she hath not worked her worst:  
Oh, let her not vex the daughters of Eve:  
This was not written at first."

Christ looked in the Father's face, and then  
Over His lips there flowed  
The hidden thought of the Lord of heaven,  
While the visage of Lilith glowed:  
"They have forgotten thee, Mother Mine—  
These women who deafen the earth:  
Let Adam's rejected teach them now  
What a brawling woman is worth."

Straight out of heaven sped Lilith then,  
With a cruel scorn in her eyes—  
She that was first made equal with Adam,  
And that fell, being otherwise.  
It is not a new story now, you know,  
They were too much alike to agree:  
And she wrangled and fought with Adam, until  
God, pitiful, set him free,

And gave him to wife the meeker Eve,  
Who sinned through womanly trust,  
And who, in her sorrow for sin, was like  
A sweet crushed flower i' the dust.  
Therefore it had come to pass that Lilith  
Sore hated the daughters of Eve,  
Because to their mother, beloved of Adam,  
Our God had given reprieve.

Concerning the doings of Lilith on earth,  
If you'll look abroad in the land,  
You'll see that the caldron of wrath is stirred  
By her white and devilish hand.

Wherever she findeth a woman's heart  
That is easy to trap or to win,  
That will none of the meekness of Mary mild,  
She straightway entereth in;  
And her image, it multiplieth fast—  
Too fast for the peace of the world;  
And Lilith meets you at every step,  
Ribboned and crêped and curled.  
Her marks are a skeptical, brazen brow,  
And a hard and a glittering eye,  
And a voice that striveth to fill the world  
With its clamoring shrill and high.

Ah! do you think that a Christ could be  
Born of a woman like this?  
Is there any rest in the arms of such,  
Whose lips are bitter to kiss?  
Woe for the little children that cling,  
Unwelcomed, upon their hands!  
They are only thinking of how their deeds  
May startle the farthest lands.

When the fire goes out on the hearth at home,  
And the chamber is left unkept;  
When a shadow that climbeth from heart to eye  
Twixt husband and wife hath crept;  
When the wife is shy of the mother's estate,  
And maidens are counting the cost,—  
It behooves us to think a little upon  
The glory that Lilith lost.

If we go down to the root of the thing,  
We shall see that they put Self first,  
And that is the sin of sins, for which  
Fair Lilith was greatly curst.  
They are out of the shadow of the Cross,  
And Self is their idol in life;  
And it is not the voice of God they hear,  
But of Adam's demon wife.

## ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR,  
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

## PART SECOND.

### CHAPTER XI.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.  
For alas! alas! with me  
The light of life is o'er;  
No more—no more—no more!  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
Or the stricken eagle soar!

—Edgar Poe.

The landlord of the Jolly Herring had observed, during his visits to Eric, that at mid-day the studies were usually deserted, and the doors for the most part left unlocked. He very soon determined to make use of this knowledge for his own purposes, and, as he was well acquainted with the building (in which for a short time he had been a servant), he laid his plans without the least dread of discovery.

There was a back entrance into Roslyn School behind the chapel, and it could be reached by a

path through the fields without any chance of being seen, if a person set warily to work and watched his opportunity. By this path Billy came, two days after his last visit, and walked straight up the great staircase, armed with the excuse of business with Eric in case any one met or questioned him. But no one was about, since between twelve and one the boys were pretty sure to be amusing themselves out of doors; and after glancing into each of the studies, Billy finally settled on searching Montagu's (which was the neatest and most tastefully furnished), to see what he could get.

The very first thing which caught his experienced eye was the cricket-fund box, with the key temptingly in the lock, just where Eric had left it when the sounds of some one coming had startled him. In a moment Billy had made a descent on the promising-looking booty, and opening his treasure, saw, with lively feelings of gratification, the unexpected store of silver and gold. This he instantly transferred to his own pocket, and then replacing the box where he had found it, decamped with the spoil unseen, leaving the study in all other respects exactly as he had found it.

Meanwhile the unhappy Eric was tossed and agitated with apprehension and suspense. Unable to endure his misery in loneliness, he had made several boys to a greater or less degree participants in the knowledge of his difficult position; and in the sympathy which his danger excited, the general nature of his dilemma with Billy (though not its special circumstances) was soon known through the school.

At the very time when the money was being stolen, Eric was sitting with Wildney and Graham under the ruin by the shore, and the sorrow which lay at his heart was sadly visible in the anxious expression of his face, and the deep dejection of his attitude and manner.

The other two were trying to console him. They suggested every possible topic of hope; but it was too plain that there was nothing to be said, and that Eric had real cause to fear the worst. Yet though their arguments were futile, he keenly felt the genuineness of their affection, and it brought a little alleviation to his heavy mood.

"Well, well; at least do hope for the best, Eric," said Graham.

"Yes!" urged Wildney; "only think, dear old fellow, what lots of worse scrapes we've been in before, and how we've always managed to get out of them somehow."

"No, my boy; not worse scrapes," answered Eric. "Depend upon it this is the last for me; I shall not have the chance of getting into another at Roslyn, anyhow."

"Poor Eric! what shall I do if you leave?" said Wildney, putting his arm round Eric's neck. "Besides it's all my fault, hang it, that you got into this cursed row."

"The curse is come upon me, cried  
The Lady of Shallott.

"Those words keep ringing in my ears," murmured Eric.

"Well, Eric, if you are sent away, I know I shall get my father to take me too, and then we'll join

each other somewhere. Come, cheer up, old boy — being sent isn't such a very frightful thing after all."

"No," said Graham; "and besides, the bagging of the pigeons was only a lark, when one comes to think of it. It wasn't like stealing, you know; that'd be quite a different thing."

Eric winced visibly at this remark, but his companions did not notice it. "Ah," thought he, "there's *one* passage of my life which I never shall be able to reveal to any human soul."

"Come now, Eric," said Wildney, "I've got something to propose. You shall play cricket today; you haven't played for an age, and it's high time you should. If you don't, you'll go mooning about the shore all day, and that'll never do, for you'll come back glummer than ever."

"No!" said Eric, with a heavy sigh, as the image of Vernon instantly passed through his mind; "no more cricket for me."

"Nay, but you *must* play to-day. Come, you shan't say no. You won't say no to me, will you, dear old fellow?" And Wildney looked up to him with that pleasant smile, and the merry light in his dark eyes, which had always been so charming to Eric's fancy.

"There's no refusing you," said Eric, with the ghost of a laugh, as he boxed Wildney's ears. "O you dear little rogue, Charlie, I wish I were you."

"Pooh! pooh! now you shan't get sentimental again. As if you weren't fifty times better than me every way. I'm sure I don't know how I shall ever love you enough, Eric," he added more seriously, "for all your kindness to me."

"I'm so glad you're going to play, though," said Graham; "and so will everybody be, and I'm certain it'll be good for you. The game will divert your thoughts."

So that afternoon Eric, for the first time since Verny's death, played with the first eleven, of which he had been captain. The school cheered him vigorously as he appeared again on the field, and the sound lighted up his countenance with some gleam of its old joyousness. When one looked at him that day with his straw hat on and its neat, light blue ribbon, and the cricket dress (a pink jersey, and leather belt, with a silver clasp in front), showing off his well-built and graceful figure, one little thought what an agony was gnawing like a serpent at his heart. But that day, poor boy, in the excitement of the game he half forgot it himself, and more and more as the game went on.

The other side, headed by Montagu, went in first, and Eric caught out two and bowled several. Montagu was the only one who stayed in long, and when at last Eric sent his middle wicket flying with a magnificent ball, the shouts of "well bowled! well bowled *indeed!*" were universal.

"Just listen to that, Eric," said Montagu; "why, you're outdoing everybody to-day, yourself included, and taking us by storm."

"Wait till you see me come out for a duck," said Eric, laughing.

"Not you. You're too much in luck to come out with a duck," answered Montagu. "You see I've already become the Homer of your triumphs, and vaticinate in rhyme."

And now it was Eric's turn to go in. It was long since he had stood before the wicket, but now he was there, looking like a beautiful picture as the sunlight streamed over him, and made his fair hair shine like gold. In the triumph of success his sorrows were flung to the winds, and his blue eyes sparkled with interest and joy.

He contented himself with blocking Duncan's balls until his eye was in; but then, acquiring confidence, he sent them flying right and left. His score rapidly mounted, and there seemed no chance of getting him out, so that there was every probability of his carrying out his bat.

"Oh, well hit! well hit! A three'r for Eric,"

cried Wildney to the scorer; and he began to clap his hands and dance about with excitement at his friend's success.

"Oh, well hit! well hit in—deed!" shouted all the lookers on, as Eric caught the next ball half-volley, and sent it whizzing over the hedge, getting a sixer by the hit.

At the next ball they heard a great crack, and he got no run, for the handle of his bat broke right off.

"How unlucky!" he said, flinging down the handle with vexation. "I believe this was our best bat."

"Oh, never mind," said Montagu; "we can soon get another; we've got lots of money in the box."

What had come over Eric? if there had been a sudden breath of poison in the atmosphere he could hardly have been more affected than he was by Montagu's simple remark. Montagu could not help noticing it, but at the time merely attributed it to some unknown gust of feeling, and made no comment. But Eric, hastily borrowing another bat, took his place again quite tamely; he was trembling, and at the very next ball, he spooned a miserable catch into Graham's hand, and the shout of triumph from the other side proclaimed that his innings was over.

He walked dejectedly to the pavilion for his coat, and the boys, who were seated in crowds about it, received him, of course, after his brilliant score, with loud and continued plaudits. But the light had died away from his face and figure, and he never raised his eyes from the ground.

"Modest Eric!" said Wildney, chafingly, "you don't acknowledge your honors."

Eric dropped his bat in the corner, put his coat across his arm, and walked away. As he passed Wildney, he stooped down and whispered again in a low voice:

"The curse has come upon me, cried  
The Lady of Shallott."

"Hush, Eric, nonsense," whispered Wildney; "you're not going away," he continued aloud, as Eric turned towards the school. "Why, there are only two more to go in!"

"Yes, thank you, I must go."

"Oh, then, I'll come too."

Wildney at once joined his friend. "There's nothing more the matter, is there?" he asked, anxiously, when they were out of hearing of the rest.

"God only knows."

"Well, let's change the subject. You've been playing brilliantly, old fellow."

"Have I?"

"I should just think so, only you got out in rather a stupid way."

"Ah well! it matters very little."

Just at this moment one of the servants handed Eric a kind note from Mrs. Rowlands, with whom he was a very great favorite, asking him to tea that night. He was not very surprised, for he had been there several times lately, and the sweet womanly kindness which she always showed him caused him the greatest pleasure. Besides, she had known his mother.

"Upon my word, honors are being showered on you!" said Wildney. "First to get the score of the season at cricket, and bowl out about half the other side, and then go to tea with the head master. Upon my word! Why, any of us poor wretches would give our two ears for such distinctions. Talk of curse indeed! Fiddlestick end!"

But Eric's sorrow lay too deep for chaff, and only answering with a sigh he went to dress for tea.

Just before tea-time Duncan and Montagu strolled in together. "How splendidly Eric played!" said Duncan.

"Yes, indeed. I'm so glad. By the bye, I must see about getting a new bat. I don't know exactly

how much money we've got, but I know there's plenty. Let's come and see."

They entered his study, and he looked about everywhere for the key. "Hallo!" he said, "I'm nearly sure I left it in the corner of this drawer, under some other things; but it isn't there now. What can have become of it?"

"Where's the box," said Duncan; "let's see if any of my keys will fit it. Hallo! why, you're a nice treasurer, Monty! here's the key in the box!"

"No, is it though?" asked Montagu, looking serious. "Here, give it me; I hope nobody's been meddling with it."

He opened it quickly, and stood in dumb and blank amazement to see it empty.

"Phew-w-w-w!" Montagu gave a long whistle. "By Jove!" was Duncan's only comment.

The boys looked at each other, but neither dared to express what was in his thoughts.

"A bad, bad business! what's to be done, Monty?"

"I'll rush straight down to tea, and ask the fellows about it. Would you mind requesting Rose not to come in for five minutes? Tell him there's a row."

He ran down stairs hastily and entered the tea-room, where the boys were talking in high spirits about the match, and liberally praising Eric's play.

"I've got something unpleasant to say," he announced, raising his voice.

"Hush! hush! hush! what's the row?" asked half a dozen at once.

"The whole of the cricket money, some six pounds at least, has vanished from the box in my study!"

For an instant the whole room was silent; Wildney and Graham interchanged anxious glances.

"Does any fellow know anything about this?"

All, or most, had a vague suspicion, but no one spoke.

"Where is Williams?" asked one of the sixth form, casually.

"He's taking tea with the Doctor," said Wildney.

Mr. Rose came in, and there was no opportunity for more to be said, except in confidential whispers.

Duncan went up with Owen and Montagu to their study. "What's to be done?" was the general question.

"I think we've all had a lesson once before not to suspect too hastily. Still, in a matter like this," said Montagu, "one must take notice of apparent cues."

"I know what you're thinking of, Monty," said Duncan.

"Well, then, did you hear anything when you and I surprised Eric suddenly two days ago?"

"I heard some one moving about in your study, as I thought."

"I heard more, though at the time it didn't strike me particularly. I distinctly heard the jingle of money."

"Well, it's no good counting up suspicious circumstances; we must ask him about it and act accordingly."

"Will he come up to the studies again tonight?"

"I think not," said Owen; "I notice he generally goes straight to bed after he has been out to tea; that's to say, directly after prayers."

The three sat there till prayer-time, taciturn and thoughtful. Their books were open, but they did little work, and it was evident that Montagu was filled with the most touching grief. During the evening he drew out a little likeness which Eric had given him, and looked at it long and earnestly. "Is it possible?" he thought. "Oh, Eric! Eric the fair-haired, Edwin's bosom friend! can that face be the face of a thief?"

The prayer-bell dispelled his reverie. Eric entered with the Rowlands', and sat in his accustomed place. He had spent a pleasant, quiet evening, and, little knowing what had happened, felt far more cheerful and hopeful than he had done before, although he was still ignorant how to escape the difficulty which threatened him.

He couldn't help observing that as he entered he was the object of general attention; but he attributed it either to his playing that day, or to the circumstances in which he was placed by Billy's treachery, of which he knew that many boys were now aware. But when prayers were over, and he saw that every one shunned him, or looked and spoke in the coldest manner, his most terrible fears revived.

He went off to his dormitory, and began to undress. As he sat half abstracted on his bed doing nothing, Montagu and Duncan entered, and he started to see them, for they were evidently the bearers of some serious intelligence.

"Eric," said Duncan, "do you know that some one has stolen all the cricket money?"

"Stolen—what—all?" he cried, leaping up as if he had been shot. "Oh, what new retribution is this!" and he hid his face, which had turned ashy pale, in his hands.

"To cut matters short, Eric, do you know anything about it?"

"If it is all gone, it is not I who stole it," he said, not lifting his head.

"Do you know anything about it?"

"No!" he sobbed convulsively. "No, no, no! Yet stop; don't let me add a lie... Let me think. No, Duncan," he said, looking up, "I do not know who stole it."

They stood silent, and the tears were stealing down Montagu's averted face.

"O Duncan, Monty, be merciful, be merciful!" said Eric. "Don't yet condemn me. I am guilty, not of *this*, but of something as bad. I admit I was tempted; but if the money really is all gone, it is *not* I who am the thief."

"You must know, Eric, that the suspicion against you is very strong, and rests on some definite facts."

"Yes, I know it must. Yet, oh, do be merciful, and don't yet condemn me. I have denied it. Am I a liar, Monty? O Monty, Monty, believe me in this!"

But the boys still stood silent.

"Well, then," he said, "I will tell you all. But I can only tell it to you, Monty. Duncan, indeed, you mustn't be angry; you are my friend, but not so much as Monty. I can tell him, and him only."

Duncan left the room, and Montagu sat down beside Eric on the bed, and put his arm round him to support him, for he shook violently. There, with deep and wild emotion, and many interruptions of passionate silence, Eric told to Montagu his miserable tale. "I am the most wretched fellow living," he said; "there must be some fiend that hates me, and drives me to ruin. But let it all come: I care nothing, nothing, what happens to me now. Only, dear, dear Monty, forgive me, and love me still."

"O Eric, it is not for one like me to talk of forgiveness; you were sorely tempted. Yet God will forgive you if you ask him. Won't you pray to him to-night? I love you, Eric, still, with all my heart, and do you think God can be less kind than man? And I, too, will pray for you, Eric. Good-night, and God bless you." He gently disengaged himself—for Eric clung to him, and seemed unwilling to lose sight of him—and a moment after he was gone.

Eric felt terribly alone. He knelt down and tried to pray, but somehow it didn't seem as if the prayer came from his heart, and his thoughts began instantly to wander far away. Still he knelt—knelt even until his candle had gone out,

and he had nearly fallen asleep, thought-wearied, on his knees. And then he got into bed still dressed. He had been making up his mind that he could bear it no longer, and would run away to sea that night.

He waited till eleven, when Dr. Rowlands took his rounds. The Doctor had been told all the circumstances of suspicion, and they amounted in his mind to certainty. It made him very sad, and he stopped to look at the boy from whom he had parted on such friendly terms so short a time before. Eric did not pretend to be asleep, but opened his eyes, and looked at the head master. Very sorrowfully Dr. Rowlands shook his head, and went away. Eric never saw him again.

The moment he was gone Eric got up. He meant to go to his study, collect the few presents, which were his dearest mementoes of Russell, Wildney, and his other friends—above all, Vernon's likeness—and then make his escape from the building, using for the last time the broken pane and loosened bar in the corridor, with which past temptations had made him so familiar.

He turned the handle of the door and pushed, but it did not yield. Half contemplating the possibility of such an intention on Eric's part, Dr. Rowlands had locked it behind him when he went out.

"Ha!" thought the boy, "then he too knows and suspects. Never mind. I must give up my treasures—yes, even poor Verny's picture; perhaps it is best I should, for I'm only disgracing his noble memory. But they shan't prevent me from running away."

Once more he deliberated. Yes, there could be no doubt about the decision. He *could* not endure another public expulsion, or even another birching; he *could* not endure the cold faces of even his best friends. No, no! he *could* not face the horrible phantom of detection, and exposure, and shame. But worse than all this, he could not endure *himself*; he must fly away from the sense that *he*, Eric Williams, the brother of Vernon, the friend of Edwin Russell, was sunk in all degradation. Could it really, really be, that *he*, once the soul of chivalrous honor, who once would have felt a stain like a wound,—was it possible that he should have been a thief? It was too dreadful a thought. Escape he must.

After using all his strength in long-continued efforts, he succeeded in loosening the bar of his bed-room window. He then took his two sheets, tied them together in a firm knot, wound one end tightly round the remaining bar, and let the other fall down the side of the building. He took one more glance round his little room, and then let himself down by the sheet, hand under hand, until he could drop to the ground. Once safe, he ran towards Starhaven as fast as he could, and felt as if he were flying for his life. But when he got to the end of the play-ground he could not help stopping to take one more longing, lingering look at the scenes he was leaving forever. It was a chilly and overclouded night, and by the gleams of struggling moonlight, he saw the whole buildings standing out black in the night air. The past lay behind him like a painting. Many and many unhappy or guilty hours had he spent in that home, and yet those last four years had not gone by without their own wealth of life and joy. He remembered how he had first walked across that play-ground, hand in hand with his father, a little boy of twelve. He remembered his first troubles with Barker, and how his father had at last delivered him from the annoyances of his old enemy. He remembered how often he and Russell had sat there looking at the sea, in pleasant talk, especially the evening when he had got his first prize and head-remove in the lower fourth; and how, on the night of Russell's death, he had gazed over that play-ground from the sick-room window. He remembered how often he had got cheered there for

his feats at cricket and football, and how often he and Upton, in old days, and he and Wildney afterwards, had walked there on Sundays, arm in arm. Then the stroll to Fort Island, and Barker's plot against him, and the evening at the Stack, passed through his mind; and the dinner at the Jolly Herring, and, above all, Vernon's death. Oh! how awful it seemed to him now, as he looked through the darkness at the very road along which they had brought Verny's dead body. Then his thoughts turned to the theft of the pigeons, his own drunkenness, and then his last cruel, cruel experiences, and this dreadful end of the day which, for an hour or two, had seemed so bright on that very spot where he stood. Could it be that this (oh, how little he had ever dreamed of it!)—that this was to be the conclusion of his school-days?

Yes, in those rooms, of which the windows fronted him, there they lay, all his school-fellows—Montagu, and Wildney, and Duncan, and all whom he cared for best. And there was Mr. Rose's light still burning in the library window; and he was leaving the school and those who had been with him there so long, in the dark night, by stealth, penniless, and broken-hearted, with the shameful character of a thief.

Suddenly Mr. Rose's light moved, and, fearing discovery or interception, he roused himself from the bitter reverie and fled to Starhaven through the darkness. There was still a light in the little sailor's tavern; and, entering, he asked the woman who kept it, "if she knew of any ship which was going to sail next morning?"

"Why, your'n is, bean't it, Maister Davey?" she asked, turning to a rough-looking sailor who sat smoking in the bar.

"Ees," grunted the man.

"Will you take me on board?" said Eric.

"You be a runaway, I'm thinking!"

"Never mind. I'll come as cabin-boy—anything."

The sailor glanced at his striking appearance and neat dress. "Hardly in the cabun-buoy line, I should say."

"Will you take me?" said Eric. "You'll find me strong and willing enough."

"Well—if the skipper don't say no. Come along."

They went down to a boat, and "Maister Davey" rowed to a schooner in the harbor, and took Eric on board.

"There," he said, "you may sleep there for to-night," and he pointed to a great heap of sailcloth beside the mast.

Weary to death, Eric flung himself down, and slept deep and sound till the morning, on board the "Stormy Petrel."

**PIANO PLAYING.**—A German mathematician, recently, being present at a concert given by Rubinstein, counted the notes which that famous pianist had struck in playing a single piece, and found that they amounted to 62,990. The mathematician, however, was not satisfied with this enumeration, and, making use of the kreutzer coin as a dynamometer, tested the pressure requisite to strike a key on Rubinstein's piano-forte, and found it to be equivalent to the weight of twenty-four kreutzers, or two and one-fifth ounces. The pressure just necessary to strike the 62,990 notes, therefore, amounted to 8,661 pounds; but as some passages were played *fortissimo*, it was calculated that the force exerted by Rubinstein in performing the piece in question amounted to 10,528 pounds. Experiments were also made upon a piano of a harder touch, and it was calculated that on this instrument the pressure to perform the piece would have amounted to 13,216 pounds.

THE following somewhat ambiguous paragraph appeared in an Edinburgh paper:

"We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W. is a malicious fabrication."

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THE cover of the "Standard" has not yet arrived.

THE name of R. Hutchings was omitted, last week, from the honorably mentioned for first year in the Preparatory Course.

THE "Standard," we are flattered to see, gives a very good notice of our pup. Dr. McHugh, the lynx-eyed local of the St. Cecilian paper, knows a good thing when he sees it.

WE are glad to see the South Bend *Tribune* make its appearance among our exchanges. It is a large four-paged paper, containing good literary selections, earnest editorials, and quite an amount of locals.

WHAT is the matter with the St. Cecilia Philomathians? It seems to us that the Thespians are doing all the work this year in the way of Exhibitions. If they wish to keep up their reputation they would do well to come out.

THE "Afflicted Reader" has been "gone for" extensively. Those who have kindly prodded him for giving unasked advice have shown their good taste and good sense much more by following his advice than by pitching into him.

THE paper went to press last week somewhat in advance of time, and in the absence of the Editor, who was kept from the office by the very bad weather furnished to the citizens of Northern Indiana generally during the month of March.

WE see with pleasure that our old friend and fellow-student, Mr. W. H. Drapier, has purchased the *Journal of Commerce*, of Indianapolis. Mr. Drapier is well known as an admirable phonographer, but we think he will have a better field in journalism to display his acknowledged ability as a writer.

DR. J. M. BIGELOW paid a visit to the College and Academy this week. The Doctor is well known as one of the first botanists of the country; and we hear that the grand botanical collection already collected at St. Mary's will be increased by many specimens gathered by the Doctor in Ohio and in Mexico.

REV. FATHER LEMONNIER has gone for Sunny South. He stood a first return of snow-storm with laudable equanimity of mind, but when a third and a fourth tumultuous, tempest-tost supply of snow came swirling around the College, he frankly gave it up and admitted himself vanquished. We hope the genial—he did *not* go to Wisconsin—clime will soon give him vigor and health.

**The "Philomathean Standard."**

The first number of the "Philomathean Standard," which we welcomed in advance, some weeks ago—because we had such confidence in the bright, intelligent go-a-head St. Cecilians—made its appearance on the 17th inst. That it is a success it is needless to say. Its typographical dress is neat,

but not gaudy. The articles that fill up its columns are not only most interesting to the student, but are high-toned and worthy of the gallant corps of young Editors.

**New Omnibus Line.**

Mr. Patrick Shickey, of South Bend, Indiana, has established a new omnibus line between the depot of the L. S. & M. S. R.R., Notre Dame and St. Mary's, for the special benefit of all persons coming to Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Parents and friends coming here will be glad to know this line is in the hands of a good, reliable man, who will depend for his success on the merit of his line as a *cheap, prompt and rapid* mode of conveyance to and from all trains. We commend him to the patronage of our friends.

**Holy Week.**

**PALM SUNDAY.**

Palm Sunday (next Sunday), the first day of Holy Week, which is consecrated to the special commemoration of our dear Lord's passion and death, is so called from an ancient custom, still retained by the Church, of solemnly blessing palms, or, where they cannot be obtained, boughs of trees, which are distributed to the people, who bear them in their hands, in remembrance of the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem six days before His sacred passion: when the multitude, as the Gospel relates, spread their garments in the way: and others cut down boughs from the trees, and strewed them in the way: and the multitude that went before and that followed cried, saying: "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." (*Matt. xxi. 1. 9.*) Alas! how soon the cry: "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" will be heard from the same lips that now sing Hosannas. After the blessing of palms, there is a procession to commemorate this event, which being formed in the sanctuary, proceeds to the vestibule, and the door of the church is shut to signify that, before the redemption, the gates of heaven were barred against sinful man; presently the cross-bearer knocks with the cross at the door, which being opened, signifies that through the instrumentality of that sacred symbol heaven's portal was no longer closed. The procession then returns to the sanctuary singing the beautiful hymn beginning "

"Gloria, laus et honor," which is said to have been written about the year 818, by Abbot Theodore, when in prison at Angers for taking part in a conspiracy against Louis the Pious, and sung by him when that prince passed in procession under his prison walls. The words and music so touched the good monarch's heart, that the repentant monk was liberated, and the hymn was afterwards adopted by the Church.

During the Mass the history of the passion, from St. Matthew, chaps. 26, 27, is sung by three deacons, one of whom personates our Lord, another, the evangelist, and the third, the maid-servant; while the choir takes the part of the rabble. At these most solemn words, "*Iesus autem iterum clamans voce magna, emisit spiritum*—Jesus crying with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost," all kneel to meditate for a few moments on that awful spectacle when "the veil of the temple was rent, and the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent, and the sun was darkened." The Epistle on this day is taken from that of St. Paul to the Philippians, chap. 2.

At Vespers the touching hymn, "*Vexilla Regis*," is sung. It would require much space to speak of all that is interesting and beautiful in the ceremonies of Palm Sunday. All who have the happiness and privilege of attending the ceremonies of this and the other days of Holy Week should

be in possession of suitable books, in order that they may understand them, and profit by the commemoration of our beloved Redeemer's passion and precious death, dear to every Christian heart.

**TENEBRAE.**

The Office of *Tenebrae*, which is chanted or recited on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week, consists merely of the *Matins* and *Lauds* of the Office proper to these three days. It is called *Tenebrae* (darkness), because for three centuries of persecution and concealment the Christians chose the hour of midnight as the most secure time for the performance of those sacred rites which continued to be celebrated at that solemn hour for many centuries; the time is now generally anticipated, except in the old religious Orders, which still retain the custom of the primitive ages of the Church. The name of *Tenebrae* is, however, still preserved in remembrance of the midnight prayer of the early Christians. While the Office is being chanted, fourteen yellow lights, arranged on a triangular candlestick, are extinguished, one by one, after each psalm, leaving only the white one at the summit, lighted. In the same manner, after every second verse of the *Benedictus*, one of the candles on the altar is put out, till all are extinguished, which represents, in a typical manner, the entire abandonment of our blessed Saviour during His sacred passion. Our Lord is represented by the white candle at the top of the triangle, which, during the *Miserere*, is taken down and concealed behind the altar until a slight noise is made to signify the convulsed state of nature at the time of our Saviour's death, when it is replaced on the candlestick, to remind us that our Lord's divinity was never separated from His humanity. The lessons and prophecies chanted during the Office, are taken from different parts of Scripture and from the Fathers of the Church.

**HOLY THURSDAY.**

The Thursday of Holy Week is called *Holy Thursday*, and also *Maundy Thursday*, from the *Mandatum* or command given by our Lord for washing the feet. On this day the Church honors the anniversary of that day on which Christ instituted the most august sacrifice of the Mass. In the week especially dedicated by the Church to sorrow, we are allowed one day on which to rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and be glad because of the glorious favors shown unto the faithful by Christ. It is for this reason that the Church veils the ornaments in white, which, erewhile, were covered with purple.

While the "*Gloria in excelsis*" is sung on this day, all the bells of the church are rung and then they remain silent until the repetition of the "*Gloria*" on Holy Saturday. The mystical meaning of bells is that they are preachers. They remain silent during that time in which our Lord suffered His passion, because when He was seized the Apostles and Disciples were scattered and remained silent.

On this day two particles of the Host are consecrated. One of these is consumed at the Mass; the other is carried in solemn procession to a repository at a side altar, where it is kept until the next day when it is consumed at the Mass of the pre-sanctified.

All persons about Notre Dame are familiar with processions, and for this reason we need say nothing of the procession on Holy Thursday.

As we have before said, the Blessed Sacrament is carried to a repository at a side altar. This repository is commonly, but improperly, called the sepulchre. The Church does not, then, call upon us to reflect upon the death of Christ, nor are we to picture to ourselves our Saviour sealed up in the tomb. Were such the intention of the Church, she would have the altar draped in black—we would have some of the emblems of death

placed before our eyes. But the repository is covered with white. No signs of grief or death are to be seen. We are to regard our Lord as on His throne of glory. The Church celebrates the death of her God on the morrow. She now places Him on a throne that the faithful may indulge their devotion towards the most Holy Eucharist. And while she adorns with flowers and costly ornaments the place where the Lord reposes, she leaves the principal altar, stripped of all ornament, to exhibit the desolation of the passion.

The *washing of the feet*, or *mandatum*, as it is called, takes place generally in the afternoon. This custom is very ancient in the Church. Indeed, no period since the days of the Apostles can be fixed upon for its introduction. Most writers agree in holding that the ceremony was continued from the time of our Lord and His Apostles. The number of persons whose feet are washed differs according to the special rites of each particular church. But all now agree in selecting some twelve or thirteen persons. We believe that at Notre Dame the custom exists of washing the feet of thirteen members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels. Pope Zachary, in the year 742, decided that this ceremony might be performed in convents—the nuns washing the feet of each other.

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

All nations, save the English alone, call the Friday of Holy Week *Holy Friday*. We, more appropriately, call it *Good Friday*. This day has from the first ages of the Church been held as a day of sorrow and mourning. It was in the early ages styled the *Passover*, and such was it called by Tertullian, because on that day Christ, our passover, was slain. The Esseniæ or Ascetics of Egypt gave this time up to fasts, watchings, etc. On this day when the sacred ministers approach the altar they prostrate themselves upon the floor. A chanter sings a lesson from the prophecy of Osée, in which our Lord calls upon the people for repentance. The subdeacon sings a lesson from Exodus, describing the institution of the passover, which is, in a great manner, prophetic of the death of Christ. The passion of our Lord, as related in the Gospel of St. John, is sung by three deacons with nearly the same ceremonies as on Palm Sunday. On Good Friday, the anniversary of the day on which Christ laid down His life in expiation of the sins of the world, the Church prays for all persons. First, she prays for the Church, then the Pope, the Bishops, Priests, Deacons, etc., of the Church, then for the catechumens; she beseeches God to remove all error, of disease and famine, to liberate all captives, and bring the wanderer home. She prays for heretics and schismatics, for the Jews, and for the pagans. When praying for the Jews the ministers and people do not bend the knee, because on this day the Jews bent their knees in mockery and derision before our Lord, making the mere shadow of a king. After these prayers, the Cross is uncovered and exposed to the adoration—not the worship—of the faithful. This ceremony brings to the minds of the devout the whole history of the passion and death of our Saviour, and there, at the foot of the Cross, they can make some slight reparation for the indignities daily heaped upon our Divine Saviour.

This ceremony having terminated, a procession is formed, which moves to the repository wherein the Blessed Sacrament is kept. With due ceremony it is carried by the celebrant to the High Altar, the choir singing the hymn, "*Vexilla regis prodeunt*." There is no consecration of the Host on Good Friday. This Host, then, is consumed by the priest, and the ceremonies are then called the Mass of the pre-sanctified, because the Eucharist was previously consecrated. After the Mass of the pre-sanctified, Vespers are said in choir. This ends the ceremonies of Good Friday.

#### HOLY SATURDAY.

It was anciently a custom to examine, for the

last time, on the morning of this day, the catechumens. Those who proved themselves fit, received their final instructions before evening. About the setting of the sun the offices were begun. These extended until about the middle of the night. Baptism and Confirmation were administered, Mass celebrated, and Communion given. The faithful then returned home or remained, during the remainder of the night, occupied in prayer. For this reason all the offices of this day refer to night and end with the evidences of the resurrection, which took place at a very early hour of the next day. The Church now has these offices commence on the morning of Holy Saturday instead of the evening. This departure from the ancient discipline took place about the year 600.

As the lights had all been extinguished it was necessary to procure fire again for the purpose of lighting the church. The manner of obtaining it has always been the same. It has always been usual to obtain it from flint on Saturday, and to bless it. All the old fires have been extinguished and the new fires signify the resurrection of Our Lord and the progress of His doctrine over the earth.

A large candle formed of wax is blessed on this day. This is called the Paschal candle. The ceremonies of blessing the Paschal candle were originally confined to basilicas; but Pope Zozimus extended to all churches the faculty of performing them. Five grains of incense, having been previously blessed, are placed in the candle in the form of the cross. These represent the five wounds of our Lord. The candle is blessed by the deacon while singing the exquisitely beautiful canticle *Exultet*, written, it is supposed, by St. Augustine. The deacon is vested in white, as the angel announcing the resurrection; the other ministers are in violet, to exhibit the grief of the Apostles. The deacon lights the Paschal candle with the new fires. This candle is then burned at all the principle offices of the Church, from Holy Saturday until Ascension day. After the Paschal candle is lighted all the lamps of the church are lighted also.

On the conclusion of this ceremony the twelve prophecies are sung. The deacon then vests in purple. On the conclusion of these the ministers bless the water at the baptismal fonts, the litanies are then chanted, and the ministers retire and vest for Mass. At the *Gloria* of the Mass the bells begin ringing and the organ is played, because Christ has again risen. The *Agnus Dei* is not said because of the silence of the holy women going to the sepulchre. The *Pax* is not given because Christ has not yet shown Himself to His Apostles, nor greeted them with the salutation of peace. After the Communion of the priest vespers are chanted, and the ceremonies of Holy Saturday are ended.

#### Rhetoric.

The power to communicate our thoughts to one another is one of the greatest gifts of a merciful Creator to mankind. It follows that the cultivation of this faculty deserves the closest attention, and the means of perfecting it should be studied with the utmost care. Through speech we convey our ideas to the public. If our conceptions be grand or lofty, and our language low or uncouth, the impression which we make can never be effective and ennobling. What elevates our compositions or speech, then, should be looked to, and that is Rhetoric.

Rhetoric should be cultivated, because it perfects one of the noblest gifts of God, refines the tastes, and develops the moral sense of man. It has always been regarded as one of the greatest glories of civilized nations, and one of the principal sources of their power.

A bright intellect and an easy-flowing manner of

speech, give to one man the power of moving thousands, of turning and swaying them at his own good pleasure; it raises him above his fellow-men; it places him in the light of a giant amongst dwarfs, and it gives him an influence which can scarcely be attained in any other way. That should be cultivated which will refine speech, which will furnish it with its proper strength and the perfect degree of culture belonging to it, which will enable man to duly appreciate the intrinsic value of the gift bestowed on him by Divine Providence. The study, or rather the perfection, of the art of Rhetoric produces these results. It does more,—it teaches and obliges the mind to reason, it causes man to rise above the narrowness of mere individual opinion, and makes him take an extended view of the vast field of science. His prejudices are dissipated, old errors disappear, and truth, pure and grand, flashes upon his vision with sweet effulgence. Rhetoric may almost be considered a medium through which we must pass if we wish to become correct reasoners. Still more important is it in enabling us to impart the result of such reasonings in a polished and agreeable style. No matter how truthful or powerful our arguments are, they never can have great influence on the hearers if delivered in an uninteresting manner. Therefore the necessity for cultivating so essential a branch of learning.

Again, Rhetoric refines our tastes and develops the moral sense of man. The study of literature in general cannot but serve to refine its votaries. It obliges them to bring into active service those loftier faculties of mind which, without constant use, must become gradually weakened. Then, if Rhetoric not only strengthens the mind, but also enables it to become capable of fully appreciating the works of genius, if it endows man with the power of criticising and judging, if it compels him to do justice to real merit without prejudice, and if it is an inestimable ally in bringing to light his own intellectual capabilities, does it not justly deserve the most perfect degree of cultivation? What develops the moral sense of man must increase his intelligence; because kind Providence has so disposed things that those who observe strictly the rules of morality, increase the perfection of their every mental faculty. Literature thus improves us in a moral sense, and this moral improvement contributes to our intellectual advancement,—great and useful results, in the production of which, Rhetoric is a most potent agent and deserves to be commensurately appreciated.

Again, Rhetoric has always been regarded as one of the greatest glories of civilized nations, and one of the principal sources of their power. Glance at the ancient world and observe the standard of importance attached to the study of Rhetoric. There is no possible doubt but that *Demosthenes*, the *orator of orators*, had perfected himself in that art. His immortal name is inscribed on the pages of Grecian history in living characters; his memory is one of the greatest glories of antiquity. In the modern world America venerates her Webster and her Clay; England her Chatham and her Fox; Ireland her O'Connell and her Burke; and so on might be enumerated the celebrated orators of nearly every nation, the memories of whom are cherished in the hearts of their countrymen. Talented statesmen are as necessary to a country as large armies,—they constitute a great, if not the chief, source of its power.

Having noticed the great merits attending the study of this branch, we arrive at the conclusion that it should form one of the principal pursuits of those who desire to become eminent in society and useful to their fellow-creatures. Nor can its study be too much encouraged, nor should the true friends of mankind ever be weary of recommending it to the attention of youth and cease to sanctify its culture and stimulate its development.

CHARLES J. DODGE.

**Tables of Honor.****SENIOR DEPARTMENT.**

**March 15.**—T. Ireland, F. Leffingwell, J. Rourke, J. Zimmer, J. Noonan, T. Renshaw, T. Dundon, C. Hodgson, D. Maloney, J. Smarr.

**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**

**March 15.**—G. Gross, L. Hibben, J. Spillard, J. E. Edwards, S. Marks, J. Birdsell, E. Gribbling.

D. A. C., Sec.

**The Exhibition of the 19th.**

In years gone by it was customary for various societies hereabouts to produce a play at long intervals; and the time when these exhibitions were to be given was always pleasurable anticipated. In our days, though, the redoubtable Thespians have shortened these intervals—have given tragedies, dramas, comedies, farces, etc., and thereby have added many a pleasant reminiscence of our *Alma Mater* to our already long list.

Another of these fine entertainments was given by that society on last Tuesday evening, in honor both of St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's feasts, the celebration of St. Patrick's day being postponed because it fell on Sunday. All day long at Notre Dame the great theme of discussion was the forthcoming play; at dinner, at which so many "gobblers" were "gobbled," play, play, play, resounded on all sides; in the afternoon everyone was excited, supper was hurriedly despatched, and excitement had well-nigh reached fever heat when the "boys" were seated in Washington Hall. Presently Very Rev. Father Provincial and many others of the clergy entered; we likewise noticed Dr. Bigelow, Mr. McMahon, his excellent lady, and the accomplished Misses McMahon and Boyne, besides several other ladies and gentlemen. The Band struck up the noble overture to *Tancredi*, under the direction of their talented leader, Rev. E. Lilly. Not satisfied with playing a single piece, they proceeded to get away with the "Ranger's Quickstep," which was followed by the general applause of the audience. But what does that *bâton* mean which moves so gracefully through the air? It is the hand of Brother Leopold, the indefatigable teacher of the Junior Orchestra, that guides it. Suddenly the glorious strains of the "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn, bursts forth, and right gallantly those Juniors play; it finished, the little bell tinkles—once—twice—and the curtain goes rapidly up upon the first scene of the beautiful play, the "Expiation." It is unnecessary to write a long, extended notice of the merits of the respective actors; their names are a sufficient guarantee of their being as nearly *comme il faut* as it is possible for amateurs to be. Mr. Moriarty, as "Count Flavy," was—*Moriarty*—what more can we say? His acting was superb. Mr. Darr, in his character of "Loredan," though suffering from an indisposition, fully sustained the reputation which he has earned on the stage at Notre Dame. The brother of "Loredan," the generous-hearted "Gerard," had a fitting representative in Mr. Wernert. The rascally "Rinaldi" was well personified by Mr. Cochrane. "Beppo" and the "Innkeeper" were typified by Messrs. Maloney and Walker, and right well did they do it. Among the best impersonations was that of Master H. Hunt, of the St. Cecilia Society, in the character of the young "Count Robert of Lusigny." His acting was excellent and natural; his appearance graceful, and the whole audience was forced to sympathize with the little prisoner. The supernumeraries, *vulgo* "supes" (knights and assassins), were superlatively good. The "Ghost" was very spectral like; it caused the kindred spirits among the little folks to laugh.

After the curtain rolled down on the drama, the Band played the "Rhine Wine Song," in a masterly manner. The Junior Orchestra followed

with the beautiful and lively "Breslaur Gallop," and presently the Farce—erroneously called a Drama on the programme—was presented to the admiring gaze of the audience.

Mr. P. J. O'Connell as "Bland Smyle, Esq.," did well; he should, however, remember Hamlet's speech to the players: "Speak the speech . . . trippingly on the tongue," etc. "Stevenson Gearing" was naturally given by Mr. T. F. O'Mahony; he strongly reminded us of those patent venders whom we so often see. May his "Patent Poker and Chimney-sweeper" meet with the success which such a ridiculous invention so justly deserves! Those two inimitable sprigs of the "Aristocracy, Messrs. Adolphus" and "Augustus Firstwater," in the persons of Messrs. T. Watson and T. Ireland were all that could be desired. "Eh! Augustus?" They excited the risibles of their audience in a very effectual manner and deserve much credit for their impersonations. "Oh! ya-a-s Dolphus!" Mr. M. J. Moriarty in the triple rôle of "Jukes the Detective," "Ephraim Cadge, of the Amalgamated Society," and "Bullford the escaped Forger," displayed his remarkable talent to decided advantage. "Drudge," the cynic, was well done by J. M. Rourke. "Fubbs," by H. Walker, and "Nibbs," by J. Zimmer, had not much to do, but what they did do was *done well*. "Mr. John Gearing" was well played by E. Gambee.

This play was gotten up within a few days, under many inconveniences; but notwithstanding all these things—despite facts which speak for themselves—we believe that the Thespians are a society that deserve high praise for their efficient acting. The play having been finished, Father Corby arose and in a few well-chosen remarks, especially the one about sleeping until half-past six, closed the proceedings.

The assembly then dispersed to the tune of the "Sharp-Shooter's March" by the Band, and we are free to say that the whole audience was highly pleased with their evening's entertainment.

Should the outrageous "Afflicted Reader" think that this report contains too much about "Tom," "Dick" and "Harry," let him say so and fix it with

J. FRATELLI.

**PROGRAMME:**

Music (*Tancredi*), N. D. U. C. Band; Music, Junior Orchestra.

**"THE EXPIATION"—A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.**

*Played by the Thespians.*

**CAST OF CHARACTERS.**—Count Flavy, M. J. Moriarty; Loredan, G. W. Darr; Gerard, J. Wernert; Robert de Lusigny, H. H. Hunt; Rinaldi, P. Cochrane; Beppo, D. Maloney; Inn-keeper, H. Walker; Ghost, Assassins, Knights, etc. Music, N. D. U. C. Band; Music, Junior Orchestra.

"The End of the Tether, or a Legend of the Patent Office," a Farce in two acts, written by G. C. Baddeley, was played as an after-piece.

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**—Mr. Bland Smyle, Bubble Company Promoter and Finance Agent, P. J. O'Connell; Stevenson Gearing, an Enthusiastic Inventor, T. F. O'Mahony; Lords Adolphus and Augustus Firstwater, Twin sprigs of the Aristocracy, T. Watson and T. Ireland; John Gearing, brother to Stevenson, and steward to the two lords, E. B. Gambee; Drudge, Nibbs and Fubbs, Clerks to Smyle, J. M. Rourke, J. Zimmer, H. Walker; Jukes, a Detective, Ephraim Cadge, a Benevolent Society's Outer, Bullford, an Escaped Forger, M. J. Moriarty.

Period, the present day. Music, Junior Orchestra; closing remarks, Very Rev. W. Corby; March for retiring, N. D. U. C. Band.

**St. Patrick's Day.**

All nations honor those who have distinguished themselves in benefiting mankind. Every country has her painters, poets, orators, soldiers and statesmen; their brilliant productions, their genius, their eloquence and their heroism are themes of which we never grow weary, and whilst we are admiring we never turn aside to inquire what country gave them birth, or what creed they professed,—we are satisfied with the knowledge that they were benefactors of their race or country.

Yet it is to be expected that men will honor

their own illustrious countrymen more than those of another nation; and they will do so, no matter whether they are at home in their own native land, or in a foreign country surrounded by strangers. Hence, on the 17th of March, the Irish throughout the world honor St. Patrick, whose life and labors were so intimately connected with their dear old isle. But, strange to say, that persons who will go into ecstasies over the works of the old poets and painters, drink to the memory of one, drop a tear over the melancholy fate of another, erect monuments in honor of a third, and laud to the skies the virtues and valor of Washington and Napoleon, can scarcely suppress a sneer, a smile or a laugh when the word saint is mentioned within their hearing. Saints—men who gave up all the pleasures of home, society and country, and encountered dangers of every description in order to convert the heathen and civilize the savage; Saints, men who love with marvellous heroism the most intense pain on the rack, at the stake, and in prison; Saints—men who, though eminent for their talents and distinguished by their birth, yet relinquished the highest worldly honors that they might devote themselves to a life of prayer and poverty. We do not wish to depreciate the honor due any man for the services he may have rendered society, but we can safely assert that greater heroes never lived, more eloquent advocates of justice never breathed, more practical benefactors of the human race never trod the earth than the saints, and consequently no class of men are more deserving of our everlasting gratitude among whom none holds a higher rank in the affections of the people than St. Patrick. To prove that his labor was in earnest, and that it received the special approval of Heaven, we need but consider the unwavering fidelity of the Irish people to the faith which he planted on their soil.

It makes little difference where St. Patrick was born; but that he was born for Ireland there is no question. When he landed upon her shores he found the people, though pagans, bountiful, warm-hearted and hospitable. They manifested towards him that same generous kindness for which their descendants, even at the present day, are noted.

In a short time he had the satisfaction of converting many of them to the true faith,—every day saw the rapid decline of paganism, till at length every vestige of idolatry disappeared from the land. Pagan superstitions vanished before the light of Christianity, temples dedicated to the living God sprang up on all sides as if by magic; on every hill, and in every valley, the emblem of man's redemption towered towards heaven, mutely exhorting all to place their hopes on high. After forty years' labor in the vineyard, St. Patrick was called to receive the rewards of the saints.

His successors continued the labor he began, and soon the whole island was dotted with monasteries,—monasteries which were only another name for seats of virtue and learning. To these monasteries the people from all parts of civilized Europe flocked, that they might quench their thirst for knowledge at one of the purest fountains then existing. So famous had Ireland become, that an education was not deemed complete unless finished on her soil. Her sons crossed the seas and were welcomed by all the schools of Europe, where they freely imparted their knowledge to others.

This wonderful change was effected in Ireland without shedding a single drop of blood. No pagan hands were raised to strike down the humble ministers of God; proscriptions and persecutions were reserved for a more enlightened age. So fruitful was Ireland in virtue that all Christendom styled her the "Isle of Saints," a title that she has never forfeited by heresy or apostasy.

But she could not have retained that proud title had she been permitted to live without suffering. In the middle of the twelfth century Ireland was betrayed into the hands of England by one of her

kings, who had been dethroned on account of his crimes. It was from this date that the faith planted by St. Patrick bore the most precious fruit. From that time to the present there has been two distinct nations in Ireland: the British—the rulers without being the masters; the Irish—the subjects, but not the slaves. Whatever British laws were transferred to Ireland were for the sole benefit of the English residents and the extirpation of the Irish natives. Laws were passed declaring intermarriage with the Irish high treason, and prohibiting the exporting of goods that would interfere or compete with the English. When the privilege of race disappeared, the privilege of creed took its place. When Ireland became comparatively free as a nation, she became enslaved as a religious body. When Catholic education was prohibited, when her school-teachers were banished, when her priests were hunted down like wild beasts, and a price set upon their heads; when her temples were converted into barracks; when inducements were held out to the son to betray the father; when treachery was inculcated as a virtue,—the angels must have wept with joy when they beheld the constancy with which the Irish clung to the creed St. Patrick planted on their soil. When the civil life of the Catholic was taken away; when he was excluded from office; when he was prohibited from following a profession; when he was not permitted to own a foot of ground, we must surely conclude that St. Patrick planted the religion of Him who said: "They who have faith will receive grace to suffer patiently all sorts of persecutions for My sake."

When fire, sword, gibbet and famine were doing their deadly work, we are convinced the Irish were drinking the last dregs of the chalice that was forced to their quivering lips.

When we see that neither poverty nor suffering, famine nor confiscation, transportation nor bribes, imprisonment, ridicule nor contempt could change their faith, and that they are as thoroughly Irish, as thoroughly Catholic to-day as they were six hundred years ago, who can doubt that St. Patrick did plant on their soil the Gospel of Him who suffered as man never suffered before or since?

What becomes of all the great deeds that blazon the pages of history when compared to the patient, silent sufferings of Ireland endured for the faith! Greece and Carthage, after a few reverses, relapsed into barbarism. Rome, though proud mistress of the world, could not withstand the forces brought against her.

We look upon the sufferings of Ireland as one of the means by which Christianity is extended. Go where you will, you will surely find Irishmen, and wherever you find them, there you will find the seeds of Christianity. When they were prohibited from worshipping God at the altars of their forefathers, they fled to the wilds of America, and the number of churches in this country are monuments of their attachment to the faith of St. Patrick. They are found in all ranks of society, giving counsel in the cabinets, making laws in the senate, pleading at the bar, fighting in the armies, and offering sacrifices at the altar; always honored and courted abroad—aliens and outcasts at home.

Will this be always the case? We know not the designs of Providence; yet it seems to be His will that the Irish shall be the pioneers of Christianity, and that it is their mission to labor in foreign lands, to smooth the rough places, to develop the resources of nature, and to give a healthy tone to society, and when Christianity shall have obtained a firm foothold, her mission will be accomplished, her reward will be the freedom of her own Green Isle.

This, we feel sure, will be accomplished without the aid of irreligious, oath-bound associations. It was religion that supported the Irishman in all his trials; it guarded him in youth, strengthened him in manhood, consoled him in old age, and it will yet liberate his country.

Let those who claim to be Irish, either by birth or descent, remember that the virtues of their ancestors are not theirs, but that they will always serve as beacon-lights to point out the path that leads to duty, honor and virtue; but if we close our eyes to them, they will serve to show how we have degenerated from those whom we profess to extol.

Let us always celebrate in a becoming manner the anniversary of our patron Saint. There is no foundation for the assertion that such celebrations are calculated to lessen our affection for the country of our adoption, and it is unnatural to ask man to forget, if he could, the loved scenes of his youth, the land that contains the mortal remains of those, whom he prized above all others, the spot where he received his first lessons, from lips that are perhaps sealed in death. No, nature never intended man to forget the land of his birth; she might as well expect him to forget his father and mother, because he is wedded to one whom he vowed to protect and support. Father and son cannot belong to different races; if one person is born in China, and another in Africa, it does not follow that the former is a Chinaman, and the latter an Ethiopian. But if there be any who are fond of making nice distinctions between father and son, and contend that a man's country depends upon the spot where he was born, such persons are welcome to the hair-splitting distinction—a distinction the son of an Irishman would spurn to entertain.

Sono.

### St. Edward's.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps it would not be trespassing too much on the columns of your paper, nor prove detrimental to the tender feelings of the "Afflicted Reader," for me to occupy a short space in your number of this week. What I wish to tell you about is the St. Ed's feast. Yes, we had a feast on the evening of the 12th inst. But it did not take place in the refectory; neither was it one of those feasts that are so common around Notre Dame of late. It was one that consisted of more rare and substantial dishes than are generally found at the feasts of the present day.

The principal dish was a lecture on "The Duty of the Rising Generation," prepared and served up in handsome style by our old and honored president, Rev. M. B. Brown. He showed how much is depending on the now rising generation,—that the future happiness and prosperity of the nation is entirely in their hands. He stated that it is the duty of the young men of America to work and strive for the preservation of their free and native land, that American society of the present day is corrupt and rapidly declining, and that unless the rising generation pursue a course contrary to that of their immediate ancestors the downfall and ruin of the republic will be the inevitable result.

The Rev. Father showed many other evils that it is the duty of us, as young Americans, to remedy. But space will not permit us to undertake to give a synopsis of his lengthy lecture; suffice it to say that all present relished the treat exceedingly. A vote of thanks was then returned to the Rev. lecturer for furnishing the society with such a fine treat. There were several other dishes served up by our friends from the St. Cecilians and old members of our own society, all of which were most palatable, each speaker expressing his entire satisfaction with his visit to the St. Ed's literary feast.

W. J. CLARKE,  
Cor. Sec.

THE members of the Star of the East Base-Ball Club return their sincere thanks to the kind Sisters who took so much pains in preparing the feast for the Club. Also to Brothers Francis de Sales, Norbert and Ireneus, for manifesting their deep interest in the Club on the same occasion.

### The Impromptu.

Occasionally in the life of a Student, there are moments of pleasure which, when they come, go down through life in his heart as a bright spot in his College career. Such a time came on last Sunday evening.

Directly after supper, the summons came to the St. Cecilians that an impromptu entertainment was wanted, in honor of some gentlemen who were then here. In a twinkling, the Orchestra—the renowned Junior Orchestra—stepped forth, with all the paraphernalia of their cause; the essayists gathered their manuscript; the vocalists and orators all eager, all repaired to the big parlor. The active participants went to their respective places; the others retired to the seats prepared for them, and in fifteen minutes after the first notice, every one was ready for business. The guests of the evening, Messrs. Hunt and Bardon, from Burlington, Iowa, and Mr. Clark, from Chicago, Illinois, accompanied by our Very Rev. President, Father Corby, then entered and took seats.

The Orchestra then struck up the beautiful "Milanollo March," which was greeted with enthusiastic applause. This was followed by the "Breslaur Gallop," also by the Orchestra. Mr. A. Filson, who had kindly offered his services, then rendered a beautiful song—"From the Alps the Horn Resounding"—by Proch. Mr. Mark M. Foote then arose and read some selections from the new Junior paper, the "Philomathean Standard." His clear enunciation and graceful manner earned a round of hearty applause. Mr. Filson then sang the song called "After," with success. Mr. C. Dodge followed with his excellent rendition of the "Sailor Boy's Dream." This is said to be one of the finest pieces of elocution ever given here, and any one to endorse this, needs but to hear it given by the young gentleman mentioned. Mr. Filson then amused the audience with "Popsey Wopsey." Mr. Berdel also excited the risibles of the audience with his rendition of "Der Schumacher's Boy," and calmed them down with "The Knight's Toast," both well rendered. Mr. D. J. Wile then proceeded to the piano, played a medley, introducing "St. Patrick's Day," which was encored; he responded with "St. Patrick's Day" with variations. Messieurs W. Dodge, M. Mahoney, and J. F. McHugh, spoke about "Washington," "Tobacco," and "Hohenlinden with variations;" Mr. McHugh was twice enthusiastically encored and responded with two side-splitting pieces of poetry, which convulsed his audience. The Orchestra then played the Germania Quadrilles. Mr. H. Hunt was called on for a speech; he insisted that he was no speaker, and expressed his obligation to the society. Father Corby then arose and made a few remarks, laudatory of the Association, and expressing his pleasure at the performance of the evening. All then retired to the tune of the "Firefly Waltz."

PHILOS.

### Juanita Base-Ball Club.

Although you have not heard from us for the past few weeks, do not think that we are entirely inactive in this cause and have remained all this time without stirring ourselves. The rush of applicants for membership was so great that besides the regular semi-monthly meetings we were often compelled to call special ones. So on the 17th inst. a meeting was called, and after transacting the usual amount of preliminary business, we proceeded to the election of members, of whom I am happy to mention the names of Mr. Mercer and E. Davis, the latter of whom is an old and efficient Juanita. After a few remarks of encouragement by some of our prominent officers, the meeting, on motion, adjourned.

D. E. MALONEY,  
Cor. Sec.

### Star of the East Banquet.

Among the attractive features of St. Patrick's day was the banquet given by the members of the "Bonny Eastern Star," at three o'clock in the afternoon, at which it was our privilege to attend. The viands were various and suitable to the occasion, while the assembled guests did them ample justice. In the much-regretted absence of Father Provincial, Rev. Father Condon was called upon for the opening speech, which he made in his usual felicitous style, with suitable allusions to the day celebrated, and the club then celebrating it. Prof. Stace, being called upon, made a few observations, chiefly of an astronomical character. Prof. Baasen, as a practical baseballist, then rose and encouraged the club to excel, introducing the mention of a certain pole, which formed a prominent feature in every subsequent speech. Mr. O'Mahony, of the Juanitas, said that there was a hole ready for the pole, and made several other facetious remarks. Messrs. Berdel, Reilly and Dodge, of the Star of the West, denied any intention to part with their pole—they intended to rally round the pole,—and, in fact, it appeared substantially from their remarks that their peculiar Star belonged to one of the circumpolar constellations. Mr. Gambee, finally, the energetic captain of the Star of the East, proposed that the gentlemen of his club should raise, to celebrate their anticipated triumph, a higher and stronger pole, to serve as an axis, around which the universe, or at least the University, should in future revolve. As nothing more could be said after this, the pleasant party broke up, well satisfied with their entertainment. Great praise is due to Messrs. Clarke and Mitchell, who constituted the committee of management, for the way in which everything was arranged to contribute to general comfort and social feeling. P.

### St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The 25th, 26th and 27th regular meetings were held, respectively, February 28th, March 3d and 9th. After J. Dunn and J. Devine had read their compositions for admission, and were elected, the regular exercises commenced, consisting of declamations and essays. J. Spillard's "African Prince" was well delivered. J. Rumely handled the "Soldier's Blade" with dexterity. P. Cooney was at home on board "The Old Ironsides." C. Dodge's "Dream" was delivered in an excellent manner. C. Berdel's "Banquet" was rich. J. McHugh's "Reply" was short and keen. J. Quinlan's "Sword" was a little blunt. W. Myer's composition on "Invention" was pretty well written. J. Devine's "Cricket" was well played. J. Hogan's "Fall of the Greek Empire" showed that he is a student of history. E. Monahan's "Fire" was vivid. Denis Hogan's "Trip across the Irish Channel" was well described. T. Phelan's "Life is Short" was nice. F. Egan's "Early Rising" was bright. S. Dum's criticism on the Musical Entertainment was well written and just. W. Dodge closed the exercises with a fine declamation on Washington. D. HOGAN, Cor. Sec.

### SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,  
March 19, 1872.

#### ARRIVALS.

Miss A. Monroe, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss A. Green, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss N. Green, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss M. Green, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss S. Addis, Grand Rapids, Michigan.  
Miss M. Addis, Grand Rapids, Michigan.  
Miss C. Craven, Kokomo, Indiana.

#### TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

March 17—Misses A. McLaughlin, H. McLaughlin, L. Duffield, L. Pease, G. Kellogg, N. Sullivan, H. McMahon, M. Mooney, L. Eutzler, M. Layfield, N. Duggan, A. St. Clair.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class—Misses I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Piatt, J. Millis, R. Spiers, I. Logan, H. Tompkins, M. Donahue.

Third Senior Class—Misses A. Lloyd, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, S. Johnson, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, A. Robson, L. Ritchie, E. Paxton.

First Preparatory Class—Misses M. McIntyre, A. Hamilton, J. Walsh, C. Creveling, F. Moore, R. McIntyre, M. Gooodbody, M. Kelly, E. Greenleaf, N. Ball, L. James.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses A. Conahan, F. Taylor, E. and B. Wade, M. Roberts, A. Hurst, K. Casey.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzenares, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf.

First French Class—L. Marshall, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, R. Spiers, M. Quan, N. Gross, A. Clarke (Jr.), K. McMahon.

Second French Class—M. Cochrane, M. Letourneau, L. West, M. and J. Kearney, K. Haymond, M. Wicker.

Third French Class—A. Todd, M. Lange, E. Culver, E. Plamondon, A. Mast, F. Taylor.

First German Class—K. Zell, K. Brown, K. Miller, M. Dillon.

Second German Class—M. Faxon, P. N. Ball, N. Ball, J. Millis.

Plain Sewing—M. Dillon, M. Lange, K. Haymond, E. and B. Wade, A. Lloyd, J. Walker, M. Roberts, I. Reynolds, E. Plamondon, L. Duffield.

#### DRAWING.

First Class—D. Green, A. Clarke.

Second Division—M. Kelly, S. Honeyman.

Second Class—E. and B. Wade, M. Armsby, H. McMahon, M. Cummings.

#### OIL PAINTING.

First Class—A. Robson, J. Millis, G. Kellogg.

Second Class—B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, A. Emonds.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses L. Mast, R. Devoto, G. Kellogg, J. Millis, M. Kelly, E. Howell, A. and F. Lloyd, L. Pfeiffer, H. McMahon, I. Edwards, B. Johnson.

#### TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

March 17—Misses L. McKinnon, A. Gollhardt, F. Munn, B. Quan, K. Follmer, M. Walsh, A. Noel, A. Rose, M. Carlin, R. Wile, T. Cronin, E. Lappin.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior Class—M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

Third Senior Class—M. Quan, J. Kearney.

First Preparatory—M. Walker, M. Cummings.

Second Preparatory—L. Tinsley, M. Quill, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Faxon.

Preparatory Class (Jr.)—Misses G. Kelly, E. Morgan, L. Harrison, L. Wood, A. Walsh.

Plain Sewing—M. Kearney, L. Niel, M. Quan, A. Clarke, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Cummings, E. Horgan, A. Lynch, F. Lloyd, A. Burney,

Fancy Work—M. Quan, L. Wood, M. Faxon, A. Gollhardt, B. Quan, T. Cronin.

"CAST-IRON SINKS," is the legend on the sign of a Hartford plumber. "Well, who (hic) said it didn't?" inquired an inebriate, who read it over three or four times, and chuckled when he thought he saw the point.

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